

Draft PSA -- Holes, by Louis Sachar

"If only, if only," the woodpecker sighs,
"The bark on the tree was just a little bit softer."
While the wolf waits below, hungry and lonely,
He cries to the moo —oo—oon,
"If only, if only."

Do you make your luck
or does your luck make you?

What decides who you are?

Fate? Destiny? Choices and coincidence?

None, or all, of the above?

Think about this:

You can try to be good and make the right choices, but

if you aren't strong enough and you have a dirty-rotten-pig-stealing-great-great-grandfather,

you can still end up digging holes in a used-to-be lake.

Now think about this:

When you're stuck digging holes in a used-to-be lake, you can decide

to make a friend and be one, or

to let someone else do the heavy lifting while you nurse your grudge against your dirty-rotten-pig-stealing-great-great-grandfather.

Which will you choose?

Fate might be pulling the strings, but what you decide matters.

What will happen?

Who are you?

If only, if only, the moon speaks no reply:

Reflecting the sun and all that's gone by.

Be strong, my weary wolf, turn around boldly.

Fly high, my baby bird.

My angel, my only.